

Excerpts from Quantum Negress Tantras, A Grimoire For Liberation

Moonbones Evolutionary

3: *Select and determine the use of astral weaponry—mine is a machete*

to castrate the devil
who pisses on the throne of heaven's earth

become so full of love
that everything wrap around a mouth
identifies justice

god the lying/thieving/raping/kidnapping/torturing/lynching/colonizing/greed-inseminating/genociding/
plague-darting/holocaust-devising
mother hater
white folks' god
is about to lose his thing

4. *Conspire with Nature*

signal the moon to adjust the tide
remove time from the equations of history
return the butterflies and the bees
sweep the whales back into the sea

6. *Spidering*

a scary ghost
a disappearing sheet
a distant
abandoned

anti

when served up a stiff dose
bad gift
lessness

let negation's servant
receive their due

afix
spindle to ether
home to unknown
transposition to dream

walk
on
spit
and get there

7. *Ecstatic Sermonizing*

tonight
witches sweep their insides and ride Gods
insomniacs turn quietly away from themselves, rationalizing self betrayals

a golem dressed in man skin decorates itself in 24 karat track marks
executes secret plans that spread discord among the family
publishes reports that make no mention of this
shades children beneath canopies of fear
collects tears into rumors that disrupt the circulations of thunder and tenderness

someone secretly shoots up molten gold
consecrates the enemy myth on stained glass hellmouths
instructs innocents to build bus stop bombs
invokes the suicide phoenix suicides
a round
fresh blood for each parasitic demon mounting a disintegrating skull

a mouth loses its bones
a heart gets out of sync with itself
currencies fluctuate

climate controllers/coders/mourners/a whopping bill/a lack/a lie/addiction/consumer/funeral/an
industry/a CEO

a man is doing the work machine
he worked inside/the meat one/the candy one/the paper/the bread—the one where they make
english muffins

a delicacy hoarder
wraps his ideals in silk and falls asleep on them
someone slangin most of the time/gangbangin/attending baby showers/dating someone's sister
someone wounded
fights the reflex to die
someone who weeps

someone breaks open
a vast healing wound appears
a veil explodes

slaves
world
release the haloes
rebuke fear
love

8. *Shameless Femming*

I have never believed
in planting flags in summits
nor hoarding land or spacescapes
I prefer instead
to rest in the borderlands
where earth and sky mingle
and bear my openings
directly
to God's fingers